

### The History

Which 1400. yeares agoe were nail'd,  
For our advantage on the bitter Crosse:  
But this our purpose is but twelue months old,  
And bootlesse 'tis to tell you, we will goe.  
Therefore we meete not now: then let me heare  
Of you my gentle Cosin *Westmerland*,  
What yester night our Counsell did decree,  
In forwarding his deare expedience.

*West.* My Liege, this haste was hot in question,  
And many limits of the charge set downe;  
But yesternight, when all athwart, there came  
A Post from *Wales*, loaden with heavy newes;  
Whose worst was, that the noble *Mortimer*,  
Leading the men of *Herfordshire*, to fight  
Against the irregular and wild *Glendower*,  
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,  
A thousand of his people butcherd:

Upon whose dead corpes there was such misuse,  
Such beastly shamelesse transformation  
By those Welsh-women done, as may not be  
Without much shame, retold or spoken of.

*King.* It seemes then, that the tydings of this broyle  
Brake off our businesse for the Holy-land.

*West.* This match with other like, my Gracious Lord;  
Far more uneven and unwelcome newes,  
Came from the North, and thus it did report:  
On Holy-roode day, the gallant *Hotspur* there  
Yong *Harry Percy*, and brave *Archibald*,  
That very valiant and approved *Scott*,  
At *Holmedon* met, where they did spend  
A sad and bloody houre:

As by discharge of their Artillery,  
And shape of likelihood newes was told:  
For he that brought them, in the very heate  
And pride of their contention, did take Horse,  
Uncertane of the issue any way.

*King.* Here is a deare, and true industrious friend,  
*Sir Walter Blunt*, newly lighted from his Horse,

Stain'd

Henry th

Stain'd with the variati  
Betwixt that *Holmedon*,  
And he hath brought us  
The Earle of *Douglas* is  
Ten thousand bold *Scotts*  
Balkt in their own bloo  
On *Holmedon* plaine: o  
*Mordake* Earle of *Fij*  
To beaten *Douglas*, and  
Of *Murrey*, *Angus*, and  
And is not this an hono  
A gallant prize? Ha, C

*West.* A conquest for  
*King.* Yea, there thou  
In envy, that my Lord  
Should be the Father  
A Sonne, who is the T  
Amongst a Grove, the v  
Who is sweete Fortun  
Whilst I by looking o  
See Ryot and dishonor  
Of my yong *Harry*, O  
That some night-trip  
In cradle cloathes our  
And cal'd mine *Percy*,  
Then would I have his  
But let him from my th  
Of this yong *Percies* p  
Which he in this adve  
To his own use he keep  
I shall have none but

*West.* This is his Un  
Malevolent to you in  
Which makes him pri  
The crest of youth aga  
*King.* But I have sen  
And for this cause a w  
Our holy purpose to